An ELEGY

On the Right Honourable

Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury,

Who dyed on the 21st. of *January*, 1683.

THe Buſie Statesmen who by Toyls unbleſt,
Torment themſelves to give their Country Reſt,
Thoſe publick Great First-movers of the State,
Who almoſt turn the Mighty Wheels of Fate,
Roul the vaſt Stone like *Syſyphus* in vain;
Whilſt Deaths laſt Call ends a whole Ages Pain.
The Graves long *Rubicon* muſt all paſs o're,
Whence launching *Ceſars* can return no more.
Farewell, Great *Shaftsbury!* Times Sythe can ſtretch
Where Malice, Sword, and Axes ne'er could reach.
Thy Life, great Stateſman, ſtood in Fate ſo high,
That thou by nought but Heav'ns own Hand couldſt die.
Yes, Heaven alone compiles thy Funeral-Urn:
Leſs than the Sun the *Phœnix* ſhall not burn.
What did wiſe *Solon*, or *Lycurgus* do?
Lycurgus dy'd, like Thee, an Exile too.
And whilſt proud *Belgia* thy Bones Entombs,
And triumps at the Glory it aſſumes,
Belgia, who in thy Fate has now done more
Than all her *Trumps* or *Opdams* could before.
Belgia has vanquiſht more in thy one Grave,
Than all the Wounds her Thunder ever gave.
Sleep then thou Activ'ſt of Mankind: Oh make
Thy laſt low Bed, and Deaths long *Requiem* take;
Thou who whilſt living kept'ſt the World awake.
Oh may thy Funeral-Rites walk that large round,
Till to thy Weſtern-ſhore thy loſs reſound;
Till *Carolina* ſhall in Mourning ſtand,
With all the Cypreſs of a VVidow'd Land.
Let Fools and Knaves through their falſe Opticks find
Thy Spots, and be to all thy Brightneſs blind.
Let Envy all her monſtrous Forms ſuggeſt,
And lodge the Raven in the Eagles Neſt.
Let 'em rail on, and vent their hurtleſs Gall,
VVhilſt *Shaftsbury*'s Renown ſurmounts 'em all.
From his clear Fame the diſſolv'd Clouds ſhall throw,
And leave the Earthly Vapours all below.
Yes, Mighty Man, lay thy great Reliques down,
Thou Idol of the Croud, Dread of the Crown;
Shaftsbury in popular Arts and Harts ſo learn'd
As with his VVeight the Scale of Nations turn'd:
To him the Kingdoms Genius bended low;
The Thrones beſt Friend, or formidableſt Foe.
If the beſt Gifts which the kind Stars diſpenſe,
The higheſt Prodigies of VVit and Senſe,
For Immortality Foundations lay;
No Greater Soul e're lodg'd in Walls of Clay.
Swiftly his reſtleſs Orb of Fire went round,
And light and warmth we from his Influence found.
His kindeſt Rays and temperater Heat
The Proteſtants ſtill-favour'd Climates met:
There his beſt Aſpect ſmil'd; whilſt *Rome* alone
Felt all the Fury of his Torrid Zone.
This was the Cauſe did ſuch great Foes engage
VVith ſuch keen Malice, and ſuch Mortal Rage.
For this ſo high the *Roman* Vengance boyls
VVith Fires more hot that their old *Smithfield*-piles.
But Heavens kind Call has all their Engines croſt,
Heav'n that has lodg'd thee on that ſafer Coaſt,
VVhence thou look'ſt down and ſeeſt thy Mighty [Hunters loſt.

EPITAPH.

UNder this Stone does Sleeping lye
All that was Earth of Shaftsbury.
But Funeral-Tears and Weeping Eyes
Infallibillity denies.
Whilſt his wiſh'd Death's enough to be
The Subject of a Jubilee.
A more ſworn Foe to Roman *Pride*
Not Hannibal *himſelf e're dy'd.*
For which his Deathleſs Fame below,
His Soul above--- His Soul--- Ah, no!
From Heav'n's lock'd out too ſure, if they
Who ſucceed Peter *keep the Key.*
Doom'd to Hells hotteſt burning Seat,
If the Popes Curſe can do the Feat.
If Papal Rage and Roman *Spight*
For any but themſelves Hell-fire can light.

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An ELEGY

On the Death of (the much to be lamented)

Anthony K. of Poland.

THe busie *Toney*, who by Toil unblest
Torments himself, to break his Countreys Rest;
Who, ceasing to be Engineer of State,
Turn'd Rogue, yet could not turn the Wheels of Fate:
Like *Sysyphus*, he rowls his Stone in vain;
Death plucks his *Tap*, and ends his PLOTS and Pain.
The Graves long *Pampus* Rebels must pass o're;
Thence restless Raskals can return no more.
Wretch of 3 *Names* farwel! Thy Deaths kind stretch,
Secures Thee from the Sword and Axes reach;
Thy Life, *Old Tricker*, stood in Fate so high,
That Hang-man's hand was fit to make Thee die;
Yes, Hang-man only frames Thy Funeral Urn:
Less man than Hang-man Traytors shall not burn.
What did Old *Solon* and *Lycurgus* do?
They went to *Amsterdam*, and died too.
Whil'st *Belgick Boor* Thee and Thy *Tap* Entombs,
And tryumphs in the Brandy he assumes;
Boor, who (in burying Thee) hath done much more,
Than *Trump* or *Opdam*, who were dead before;
Boor, with bright Spade, does more in Thy one Grave,
Than in all Graves that his bright Spade e'r gave.
Trick on, trick on, thou *Will-with'-Wisp*! now make
New Broils in Hell, and never *Requiem* take,
With *Plots* and *Popery* keep the Devil awake.
May Thy tormented Ghost walk a large round,
And its deserved Punishment resound,
Till *Carolina* shall agasted stand,
Mourning *Kid-napper*, who supply'd her Land:
Let partial *Whigs*, through their false Opticks, find
Thy Worth, and ever be, like Thee, *half blind*.
Let Factious Varlets monstrous forms suggest;
Such Ravens shall never croak i'th' Eagles Nest:
Rail on, *Phanaticks*, vent your envious Gall,
Your *Toney*'s Tapping Arts have spoil'd ye all;
From *Meeting-house* dissolved *Tubs* shall throw,
And sneaking *Tubster* send to th' Room below:
Yes, *Mouse-trap-man*, Thy rotten Loins lay down;
Seducer of the Rabble, scorn o'th' Crown;
In Treach'rous Arts and Tray't'rous Hearts so learn'd,
His weight all hands of Whimsey-boards still turn'd:
To him *Rebellion*'s *Genius* bended low;
The Thrones *Friend*, when at th' Helm, when not, its *Foe*.
If the worst gifts *Malignant Stars* dispense,
If mis-applied strength of Wit and Sense,
For lasting Infamy Foundations lay,
No greater Kn--- was ever cloath'd in Clay;
His restless Orb of Shams went swiftly round,
And none but Raskals his kind Influence found:
His gentler Rays, and Life-creating heat,
The Land of *Whigs* and *Betty Morris* met:
Th' unthinking Crowd he courted, and alone
He dreamt to domineer i'th' *British Zone*.
But, lost in his own Maze, he doth engage,
With eager Malice, and with lasting rage;
His Brain more hot than Copper-kettle boils,
In Shops of Cooks about *Pye-corner*-Piles.
But Hells kind Call hath all his Consults crost;
Hell, that hath plac'd him on a fiery Coast;
Through glass he peeps, and sees his Tricks and Trickers lost.

EPITAPH.

UNder this Stone doth rotting lie
All th' Devil has left of S——y:
No Funeral Tears, nor weeping Eyes
The melting Sisterhood *denies*;
Whilst Mine-heer *thinks his Death to be*
A joyful Brandy-Jubilee.
A firmer Friend to PLOTS *and* Pride
In Holland *heretofore ne'r dy'd*;
For which His Odious Name below,
His Soul's above in Heaven. *Oh no!*
It found no Lodging there, if He
Speak Truth who always kept the Key:
Adjudg'd to sit i'th' hottest Seat,
The little Guest will do some Feat;
And a fresh Fire in Hell will light,
To entertain the wand'ring Salamanca-*Wight.*